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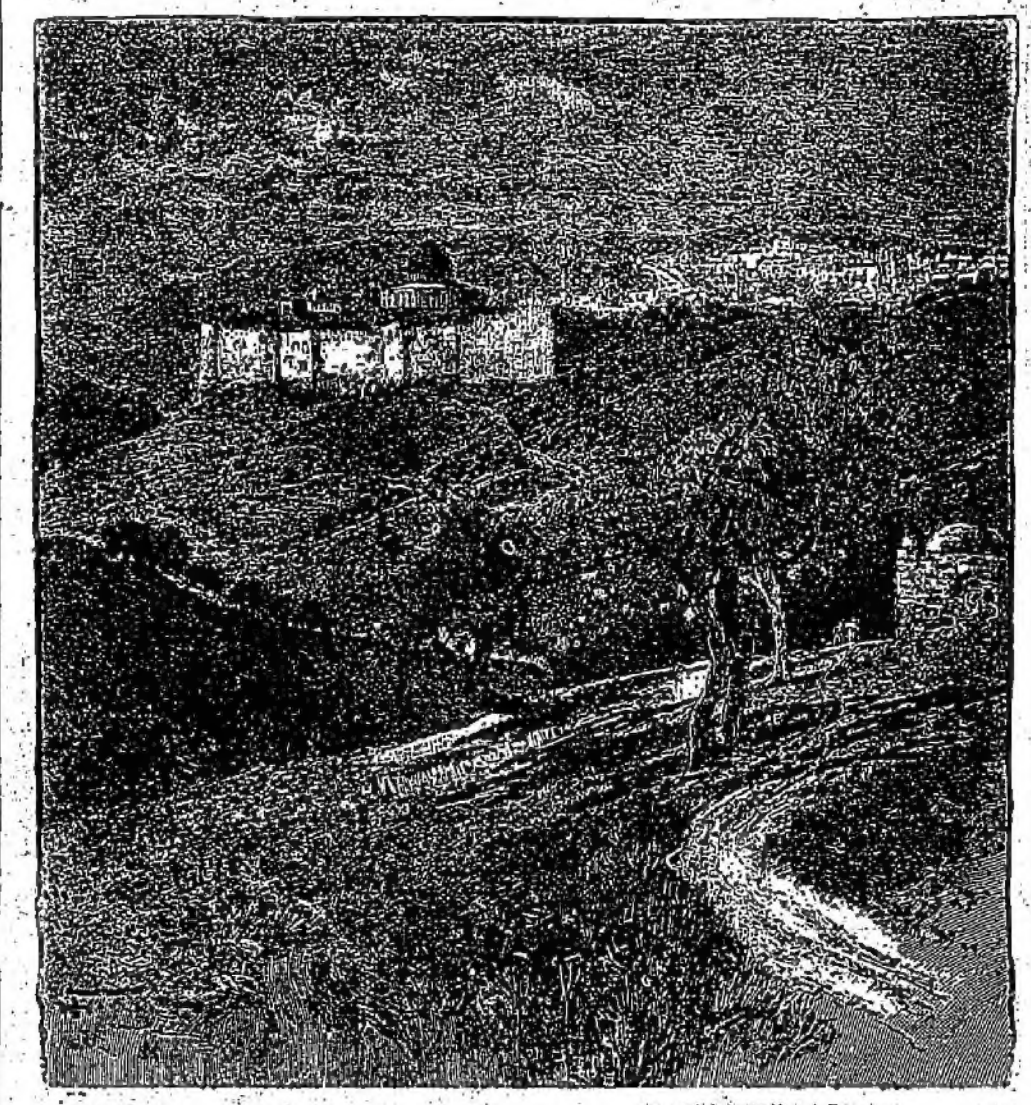


JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

JERUSALEM AT EASTER.

The whole extent of the city of Jerusalem is seen from Olivet, with no object intervening to divide the prospect. Mount Moriah rises from the ponderous walls which seem rather to support the hill than to rest upon it. The temple is gone, but there within the precincts of its magnificent area are the Mosques of El Aksa and the domed Mosque of Omar. Mount Zion asserts itself, more steep of ascent than all the rest, though its glittering palaces are no more. The ragged old walls and the perfect [illegible]eways alike present visions of power and beauty; for, as they are approached, their height and thickness grow upon one, and they seem impregnable. Amid a cluster of mosque minarets the domes of the church of the Holy Sepulchre are centred. A diagonal depression runs across the city from the gate of St. Stephen to the Holy Sepulchre; it is one of the principal streets, *Via Dolorosa*. If water ran through it, what with its grated windows, low doorways, narrowness, prison-like walls, and serpentine windings, one might call it a street of Venice. The monks have, through the straining endeavors of ages, located eight "events" here which took place during the last days of our Saviour, and have erected a "station" with an accompanying shrine at each traditional spot. Soon after entering St. Stephen's Gate, the wall of the Temple area is reached. In it are the stones of two ancient arches where stood Pilate's Staircase, leading into the Judgment Hall. A little farther westward is the arch of Ecce Homo, where Pilate exclaimed, "Behold the Man!" Following these are the stations "where the fainting Jesus made an impression with his shoulder in the stone wall when he fell; the house of St. Veronica, who wiped the bleeding brow of Jesus with a handkerchief; where Simon was compelled to bear the cross; where the weeping daughters of Jerusalem were addressed by Jesus, and where his tragical death took place."

Shrewd Greeks are still allowed to go where the Jew is not tolerated; for, near several of these stations, we find their shops for the manufacture and sale of articles made of olive wood.

A portion of my sojourn in Jerusalem included Easter week. It must have looked then somewhat as it did during the feast, when the triumphal entry was made. All around were the pointed white tents of the stranger-pilgrims who had come from every quarter to witness the services which were to ensue. The paths and roads leading to the gates of the city, and crossing the hills and the plain in every direction, were thronged with those who were arriving from the neighboring villages to share in the observances of the holy week. The noise and the confusion at all the city gates converted them into veritable bedlams and babels. The scenes were picturesque beyond all description.

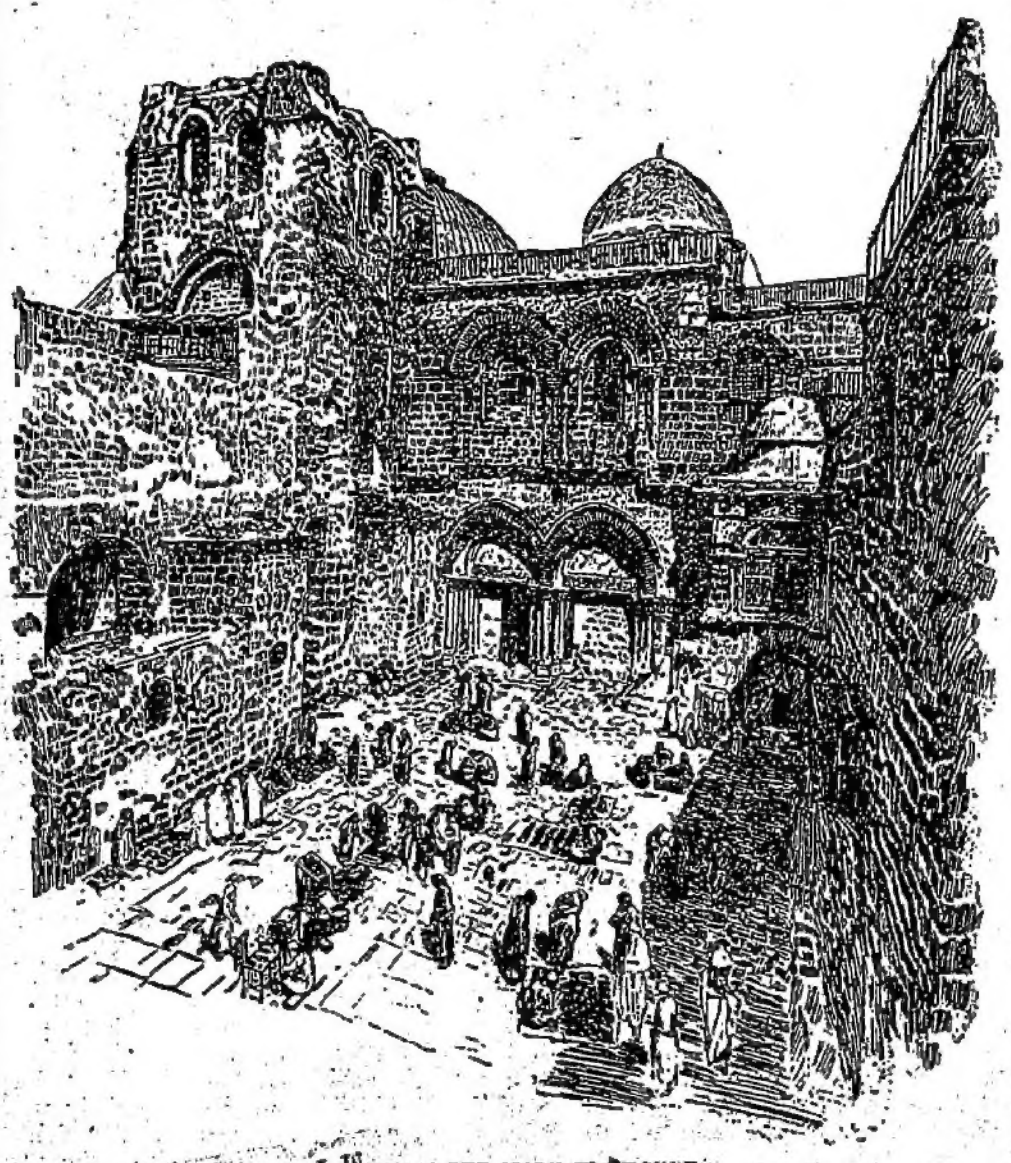
Jerusalem is divided into four quarters; namely, the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Latin or "Christian" quarter. The tall minarets of the Moslem enable him to keep an eye over all. The muezzin call is heard everywhere; but the sale of crucifixes and rosaries, together with chromos of the Virgin and Raphael's Madonna, is restricted to the Christian quarter. So rigidly are the Jews enjoined from visiting the more prominent parts of Jerusalem, that, as in Tyre and Sidon two thousand years ago, so here, they find no freedom from insult except in the Jews' quarter.

There are three Sabbaths in Jerusalem—Friday for the Moslem, Saturday for the Hebrew, and Sunday is shared by the Greek and Latin and the Protestant sojourners together. During Passion week the area in front of the church of the Holy Sepulchre is turned into a regular mart for the sale of carved beads, shell-work, pressed flowers, crosses, and articles fashioned from olive-wood. The salesmen are dreary and indifferent, and the general appearance of things is dull and depressing.

In an upper room of a building which stands over the reputed tomb of David, it is said that the Last Supper was eaten. This room is known as the Coenaculum. Tradition also locates other events of a sacred character here, as follows: "The assembling of the apostles on the day of Pentecost when the miracle of the cloven tongues of fire occurred; the washing of the disciples' feet by Jesus; the giving of the 'sop' to Judas; and the departure of the [illegible] and company, going down through the Vale of Kedron to Gethsemane."

The only gate in use now, on the eastern side, is St. Stephen's gate. It is the nearest to the Mount of Olives, and from its doorway Gethsemane can be plainly seen. The path across leads first down the steep incline of Mount Moriah, and then over the stone bridge which spans the Kedron valley, and ascends to the walls of Gethsemane. There the three pathways which lead to Bethany join, and thence they separate; one leads to the summit of Olivet, through the little village there, and then down on the eastern side; the second, ascending, skirts the shoulder of Olivet on the south, and joins the first a little time before reaching Bethany; the third, and one most used, wends to the right just outside the wall and east of Gethsemane garden; this, following the base-line of Olivet on the south, leads to Bethany, and thither to Jericho, the land of Moab, Perea, and Decapolis. The summit of Olivet is about 400 feet above the Kedron valley, and 2,800 feet above the Mediterranean. The ascent from Jerusalem is a steep one. From base to summit its broad terraces are devoted to the cultivation of the olive. The top is quite level, and is the site of a small village with an attendant mosque, "to protect," says the Moslem, "the Church of the Ascension and other religious buildings" located there.

At the joining of the trio of paths de-



[illegible] OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—THE TREE OF AGONY.

scribed as leading to Bethany, the Garden of Gethsemane is located. It is surrounded by a stone wall which is divided by shrines facing inside the garden, all looking strangely new in comparison with the gnarled old trees that they surround. After knocking at the low gate, the visitor is questioned by an old monk and then admitted. The garden is carefully kept by the venerable custodian. The white-washed fence of paling and the trim flower-garden afford another strange contrast with the gnarled and ancient olive trees. In one corner of the garden is a well of delicious water. A bucket with rope running over a pulley are used. Near this well are the humble quarters of the monk in charge. A marble canopy with an iron gate incloses Canova's bas-relief of "The Agony." A neatly-kept walk leads one around the circuit of the garden from shrine to shrine. Parts of the walls are covered with pictures representing scenes which took place during our Lord's last night on earth. Wormwood and the Passion-vine trail about the walls in profusion. It is a lovely spot.

On the west side of the city, a few rods north-east of the Damascus Gate, the wall rests partly upon the natural rock. Beneath is the old-time quarry known as the "Cotton Grotto." On the opposite side of the road is "The Grotto of Jeremiah." Farther, on the left, is a hill, the face of which, with the horrid semblance of deep-sunken eyes and broken visage, looks like a human skull. Its locality and surrounding features have led modern explorers to accept it as Mount Calvary. It is without the gates. It commands an extensive view of the city, and of the whole way to the summit of Olivet. The populace assembled on two sides of the city could see an execution on this hill.

From this spot it is but a short ride to the rock-hewn sepulchres known as the "Tombs of the Kings." The entrance to one of these subterranean villages of the dead is closed by a "rolling-stone"—a rudely cut disk, perhaps a yard in diameter, standing on edge in an inclined groove which runs, deep cut, from one side of the doorway to the other. When the tombs are open the stone is rolled to the left, and a small wedge is placed under it to keep it from returning. When the wedge is removed the rolling-stone immediately follows the incline to the right until it reaches a slightly deeper depression, into which it rolls; thus it closes the entrance of the tomb. Considerable strength is required to displace it.

In the valleys one may frequently see a circle of Arabs seated upon the ground, with their sheik at the head of the circle, acting as judge. He hears the causes of his tribe, receives the account of their stewardship, often pleads for the oppressed and condemns when punishment is deserved. Thus the lessons of forgiveness, of the talents, and of the judgment are here enacted, over and over again, as of old.

At many of the bazaars and residences of Jerusalem, as well as in other oriental cities, the "watchman at the gate" is posted night and day. His only bed is a wicker mattress, which stands on end near by during the day. He is allowed to repose upon it at the gate during the night, never forsaking his post as long as his engagement lasts.

A land of "sorrows and acquainted with grief," surely this has been. Here are some of the most splendid ruins in the world—Phœnician, Jewish, Roman, Grecian and Crusaders'. Earthquake, war, and Islam have all shattered the land and broken the spirits of the people, until now there is just as much room for missionary effort as there was when Jesus and "the twelve" travelled the route over which we have tried to follow them. The legends, the sepulchres, the wells, the caves, the mountains, the rivers, the climate, the "land with milk and honey bless," with all its seclusion and its history, will remain. But there is room for more conquest and more history. What will it be?—*Edward L. Wilson, in the Century.*

CHILDREN AS LEADERS IN NEW ENTERPRISES.

If a new Sunday-school building is needed, or an improved one, no doubt the older people will have the bills to pay. The proportion furnished by the children in round dollars will probably be small. Nevertheless, the children may have a large part in achieving the final result. They may be the real leaders through their unselfish giving, the very life and inspiration of the movement through their purer faith and hopefulness.

A recent illustration of this is the experience of the Presbyterian Sunday-school of Abington, Pennsylvania. Even if the methods chosen by these children may not be approved, their zeal can be commended. If they might have stirred the older people to action without those methods, so much the better. Yet in the end, nearly all the money for a new building was given directly, without the intervention of lawn parties and fairs, or the sale of cake and ice-cream; and, as the introductory advertisement, pointing the way to disinterested giving, these things may pass uncriticised.

It seems that for years it had been a common remark in this congregation that "the Sunday-school room ought to be enlarged." A few spasmodic efforts to raise money had resulted in a small sum as a nest-egg. "Thus the matter stood," writes the teacher of the infant school, Miss M. N. Baggs, "when one beautiful Sunday afternoon in summer our young pastor came into the Sunday-school, as was his custom. The room was full to overflowing. He went into the infant school, which was held in one corner of the church, where it had met for many years, waiting for the promised 'room all to themselves.' There were more than the usual number of baby boys and girls, all under eight years of age? and the teacher was not trying to keep the small feet off of the back of the pews in front, for she know how hard it was for wee feet to keep quiet, especially when they did not reach the floor. The sight of the small feet on the back of the pews touched the pastor's heart; and during the closing exercises of the whole school he told the scholars that they must have the new building, and that he wanted them all to work for it that week, and see what they could do."

The next Sunday a tiny girl in the infant school put two five-cent pieces into her teacher's hand, saying:

"That's Johnny's five cents for the new Sunday-school, and that's mine."

"Why didn't Johnny come himself and bring the money?"

"He hadn't any shoes to wear, and he told me not to forget it; and I did forget it, and mine too, and he ran down the road after me with both our five cents."

While this conversation was going on, another scholar, a small boy, laid a bright new dime in the teacher's hand as his gift. When the minister received these first-fruits, he told the story to the whole school, and asked, "Now, what are the other classes going to do?"

The following week it was announced to the community that one of the classes of boys had "gone into business." One night each week, for several weeks, they managed a lawn party on the lawn of their Sunday-school teacher, and, "the boys churned all the ice-cream" that they sold, working hard for their popularity. One of their friends, becoming interested, had the lawn lighted with electricity at his own expense.

Following the example of the babies, for all "the infants" were now bringing five-cent pieces, and moved by this energy of the boys, three of the classes of girls "sent out invitations to a fair on Squire B——'s lawn. What a fairy scene this was! For here too the electric lights did their duty with many colored lanterns. The little maidens and their teachers welcomed all who came, and the tables only waited to be emptied of their contents, that the money-boxes might be filled."

It was after this, that, encouraged by the children's enthusiasm, the pastor, the Rev. L. S. Fulmer, told the story of Johnny's five-cent piece to the congregation, and asked the older people "if they were not ready to do their share." Aroused in this way to a strong desire and real need, they responded at once; before the benediction was spoken that Sunday morning the full amount was pledged that was necessary for the long-talked-of Sunday-school building.—*S. S. Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON II.—APRIL 9, 1893.

AFFLICTIONS SANCTIFIED.—Job 5:17-27.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—Heb. 12: 6.

HOME READINGS.

M. Job 5: 6-16.—Man Born to Trouble.
T. Job 5: 17-27.—Afflictions Sanctified.
W. Heb. 12: 1-13.—The Peaceable Fruit of Righteousness.
Th. Isa. 43: 1-13.—"I am with Thee."
F. Psalm 119: 65-80.—"In Faithfulness hast Afflicted Me."
S. 1 Peter 1: 1-16.—Faith Tried in the Fire.
S. Rom. 8: 18-30.—The Christian's Assurance.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Blessing in Chastening, vs. 17, 18.
II. Deliverance in Troubles, vs. 19-23.
III. Reward at the Last, vs. 24-27.

TIME of Job between B.C. 2,000 and 1,800; the age of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

PLACE.—Where Job lived, Thaland of Uz.

OPENING WORDS.

Three of Job's friends came to visit him in his affliction. They were greatly grieved, the more so because they thought that God was visiting him with punishment for some hidden sin. Our lesson passage is the closing part of the address of Eliphaz, one of these friends. Read the preceding chapter as an introductory to his lesson.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

17. *Happy is the man*—compare Heb. 12: 5, 6; James 1: 12. *Despise not*—cast not off as with loathing, as useless and unprofitable. 18. *He maketh sore, and bindeth up*—Hosea 6: 1. An image from the binding up of a wound. 19. *In six troubles; yea, in seven*—in all possible troubles. Compare Amos 1: 3. *No evil*—that is no real evil, evil without hope or remedy. 20. This may refer not only to a deliverance from famine by a supply of provisions, but also to a rejoicing in God in the absence of earthly supplies. Hab. 3: 17, 18. 21. *Thou shalt be hid*—compare Psalm 31: 20, 22. *Thou shalt laugh*—from assurance of shelter and protection from the greatest dangers, or of support under them. 23. *Thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field*—God will not suffer so much as a stone to do thee hurt. Rom. 8: 28. 24. *Shalt not sin*—Revised Version, "shalt miss nothing."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who visited Job in his afflictions? What did these friends do when they saw him How long did they sit in silence? By whom was the silence broken? Give an outline of what was said by Job? Which of the three friends replied to Job? What was the substance of his reply? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. BLESSING IN CHASTENING, vs. 17, 18.—Who is pronounced happy? What counsel follows this declaration? With what further reason is this counsel enforced? How does Solomon enforce this council in Proverbs 3: 11, 12? What do we learn about blessing in chastening from the Home Reading for Wednesday?

II. DELIVERANCE IN TROUBLES, vs. 19-23.—What promise is given in verse 19? From what particular troubles is deliverance promised? How does the Lord deliver those who trust in him from these troubles? What did the Psalmist say of his affliction? Psalm 119: 67, 71, 75. Of what was the apostle assured? Rom. 8: 28.

III. REWARD AT THE LAST, vs. 24-27.—What reward is promised in life? In death? What does Paul say of the final reward of afflicted saints? 2 Cor. 4: 17, 18; 5: 1.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Outward blessings are in themselves fading and perishing.
2. The Lord sends or permits the afflictions of his children for their best spiritual good.
3. He is almighty to support and comfort under every trouble.
4. Like as a father pities his children, even so the Lord pities them that fear him, and chastens them in love.
5. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who is pronounced happy? Ans. Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth.
2. What counsel is then given? Ans. Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.
3. What final promise is given to the one whose afflictions are thus sanctified? Ans. Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a sheck of corn cometh in in his season.

LESSON III.—APRIL 16, 1893.

JOB'S APPEAL TO GOD.—Job 23: 1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13: 7.

HOME READINGS.

M. Job 7: 1-21.—Job's Complaint.
T. Job 8: 1-22.—Bildad's First Address.
W. Job 9: 1-35.—Job's Reply.
Th. Job 14: 1-22.—Man full of Trouble.
F. Job 19: 1-29.—My Redeemer Liveth.
S. Job 23: 1-17.—Job's Appeal to God.
S. John 13: 1-17.—"Thou Shalt Know Hereafter."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Longing to Find God, vs. 1-5.
II. Confidence in God's Justice, vs. 6, 7.
III. Assurance of God's Blessing, vs. 8-10.

TIME of Job between B.C. 2,000 and B.C. 1,800; the age of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

PLACE.—Where Job lived. The land of Uz.

OPENING WORDS.

Our lesson passage to-day is the beginning of Job's reply to the words of Eliphaz in the preceding chapter. In it he justifies his complaints by the severity of his affliction, and declares that were he tried before God's tribunal, he would be justified by him (vs. 7); but that Job himself, though he knows Job's innocence, obedience and loving estimation of his word (vs. 8-10).

HELPS IN STUDYING.

3. *My complaint bitter*—(Revised version, "rebellious")—my complaint is held to be unreasonable, and yet the hand of God is heavier upon me than my groaning. 3. *Oh that I knew*—if he could go to his cause before God and plead there, he felt assured that justice would be done him. *His seat*—his tribunal. 4. *Order my cause*—plead my cause, as in a court of justice. 6. *Will he plead against me*—Revised Version, "would he contend with me." *He would put strength in me*—(Revised Version, "He would give heed unto me." 7. *There the righteous might dispute with him*—the upright, the one conscious of his integrity, might plead before him with the assurance that justice would be done him. 8. *Behold, I go forward*—I go in all directions, but I cannot find God. 10. *He knoweth*—whatever man may think, he knows me, and will do me justice. *I shall come forth as gold*—that is tried in the crucible, and refined and purified.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Who is pronounced happy? What counsel is given? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. LONGING TO FIND GOD, vs. 1-5.—What did Job say of himself? How did he express his desire for God? Why did he thus long to find him? What would he then do? Thaland did he wish to know?

II. CONFIDENCE IN GOD'S JUSTICE, vs. 6, 7.—How did he express his confidence in God's justice? Who is meant by *the righteous* in verse 7? What would follow God's decision in his favor?

III. ASSURANCE OF GOD'S BLESSING, vs. 8-10.—In what terms did Job describe his efforts to find God? How did he lament the failure of these efforts? Of what value he nevertheless assured?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Those who truly long to find God are diligent in searching after him.
2. Sometimes God hides himself from those who thus search after him.
3. But he is still their God and Saviour. Isa. 45: 15.
4. In good time he will be found of all who truly seek him.
5. Trials purify piety and make it more bright and valuable, like gold tried in the fire.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. How did Job express his longing to find God? Ans. Oh that I know where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat!
2. What would he then do? Ans. I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments.
3. How did he describe his efforts to find God? Ans. I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him; on the left hand, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.
4. How did he declare his assurance of God's favor? Ans. But he knoweth the way that I take; when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

NO WONDER.

"I cannot see why," said Farmer Burke,
"Women should grumble about their work;
Now my wife would in the morning rouse;
And build the fire and milk the cows,
And feed the horses—eleven head—
By the time that I crawled out of bed;
She was always at work in house or barn;
She knit our stockings and spun the yarn:
She didn't visit, nor write, nor read!
She planted none of those posy seed.
Had children? Oh, yes, some eight in all.
But they mostly died when they were small,
The only one living now is Jane,
Who always has an ache or pain;
She's good for naught but to swallow pills,
And run up druggists' and doctors' bills.
She doesn't help like my wife, you bet."
"Why doesn't your wife," we asked, "help yet?"
"Oh, no," he said, with saddened brow,
"She's in the insane asylum now."

—*Clara E. Auld, in Farmers' Review.*

ABUSE OF COCAINE.

Almost everything that is of use to man is capable of abuse. This is especially true of stimulants and sedatives. These drugs, in their elementary state, are generally violent poisons. Even tea and coffee are not exceptions to the rule. The abuse of such things consists in using them too much, or for improper purposes. Nature meant them for medicines, and used intelligently and carefully as such, they are among her best gifts to the afflicted.

Cocaine, obtained from the elementary principle of coca leaves, is exceedingly valuable in minor surgical operations as a substitute for ether and chloroform; but already it is becoming fearfully abused. According to the London *Lancet*, approving a paper on the subject in the *Journal of Mental Science*, its special dangers are three: It is treacherous; it produces an early break-down, both morally and intellectually; it is intensely poisonous, and speedily causes destructive tissue changes.

In chronic cocaine poisoning, general wasting appears early, and develops with extreme rapidity. Convulsions also are not uncommon. In animals it is found to produce degeneration in the cells of the medulla and spinal cord, and also in the nerve cells of the heart, ganglia and in the liver cells.

"The great danger of cocaine lies in the fact that it is the most agreeable and alluring of all narcotics. It causes no mental confusion, only a little more talkativeness than usual. There is no headache or nausea, and the pleasant effects are produced with a comparatively small dose; but symptoms of poisoning are rapidly developed and within three months of the commencement of the habit there may be marked indications of degeneration, loss of memory, hallucinations and suspicions.

The author of the paper in the *Journal of Mental Science* says that much harm has resulted from a recent tendency to use cocaine to break off the opium habit, and from a mistaken notion that this drug can be employed safely and advantageously for [illegible] purpose. The writer adds that cocaine is more insidious than morphine, fastens more readily upon its victim, and holds him with at least as tight a grasp.—*Youth's Companion.*

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES.

In the dressing of small children mothers take much pride and spend many thoughts. It probably was always so, from the days when the little child's clothing consisted of a single garment. It is a long step from one garment to the picturesque costumes worn by the tots of the present day. The mothers of to-day think they have reached the acme of sensible and pretty clothes for children. Have they?

During these last few years small boys have worn what was called a "Fauntleroy suit." It was fanciful indeed. The boy's waist was girt about with a sash, of which the ends flopped at his side. He wore long ringlets, which he abhorred, and a wide embroidered collar and cuffs, at which his boyish soul revolted.

To-day the "sailor suit" takes precedence. Of this the blouse seems to fulfil its purpose of covering the body completely while allowing it freedom of action. But the trousers! Tight across the hips, and wide and flapping about the heels! The little creature clad in them is the picture of discomfort. It is impossible for a boy to run, jump, or play actively in such trousers as those. The boy's mother has made him an object of beauty, but she has taken from him his liberty, and life is a hollow mockery without that.

There is his small sister. She wears a frock which comes within an inch of the ground, and restricts her movements as much as the sailor trousers do her brother's. It is quite common to see these little mites painfully holding up their long skirts that they may not trip over them. Little girls have been trained to lift their trailing outer-garment from a car step or a muddy gutter. Surely the quaint effect of long skirts is painfully expensive when this is the price.

The clothes which are a burden or a responsibility to a child are neither healthful nor comfortable, although they may be "fanciful" and "picturesque" and "artistic." But is there any real beauty in clothes which do not accomplish the purpose for which clothes were provided?—*Harper's Bazar.*

COVERS.

"I have often wondered," said one lady to another, "why you never use any of the pretty crocheted, knitted or embroidered tidies and covers that are so fashionable. With your taste for the beautiful, I should think you would have any number of them."

"So I would, my dear," was the reply, "if I never expected a man to sit in my chairs, but, as there are several of those more or less important individuals in the family, I have given up everything in the way of cotton or knitted covers. There is nothing in the world more exasperating to a man who is particular about his personal appearance, than to sit down in a chair on which is a cotton tidy. When he rises, the back and sleeves of his coat are likely to be a mass of tiny shreds of white, and it is next to impossible to get them off. One of the members of my family has entirely given up calling at a certain house where the cotton tidy is in general use. He declares that he has neither time nor strength to struggle with the lint problem after every one of his visits there. So, instead of cotton covers, I use squares of India silk or dark sateen and similar materials. One can scarcely blame a man for being unwilling to spoil his dress-suit by grinding cotton fluff into it. And another thing to which I wish to call your attention is those semi-abominations in the way of sofa-pillows, that are so common in the market. Most of them are filled with a mixture of down, feathers and cotton lint. To make them inexpensive they are put into ticks of the thinnest sort and covered with some sleazy material which is altogether unsuitable for such purposes. The result is that the fine particles constantly work through the cloth, and everything in that vicinity is covered with lint. For my own part I never lean against them when I have dark dresses on. I nearly spoiled two or three waists by using them before I learned what was the matter.

"For my lounging-chair I have down pillows made with the best quality of feather-ticking. The tick is first thoroughly soaped on the wrong side; then the feathers are put in it. In this way I feel comfortably sure that I will not have my clothes destroyed by particles of white lint. For my afternoon nap I have a "comforter" made of English sateen, the wrong side of which is thoroughly soaped before making up.

"In old times, all of the feather ticks were waxed or soaped before using. If this is done, there is scarcely a possibility of any lint or feathers working through. The seams should all be closed by the finest sort of overhanding, and ventilation should be provided for by the old-time device of a fine quill in two of the corners of the pillow; corners diagonally across are better, in this way sufficient air is admitted to keep the feathers light and wholesome. It is said that properly ventilated pillows never grow stale-smelling if they are beaten thoroughly every day. With all of our new devices, we seem to have made no improvement on the old-time wax and quill-provided pillow-tick."—*N. Y. Ledger*

ABOUT DISH-WASHING.

Dish-washing, that dreaded, despised dishwashing isn't such despairing work after all. Truth to say, it is a homely task, but that there is beauty in homeliness is a statement bearing the stamp of truth. There can be a system about dish-washing which, if carried out, brings order from chaos and really makes the work agreeable.

Each kind by itself is a good motto for making ready; the glasses here, the silver there, the tea cups and saucers in friendly relation, plates by themselves, and so on through the whole category. Then with plenty of hot water and clean linen (not odds and ends of everything), you are ready for the battle which isn't a battle at all.

If you are to do the work alone, have three pans—one for washing, one for rinsing and one for draining. In the draining pan place a dry, clean towel for the purpose of absorbing the moisture. Glasses and silver should be dried immediately after washing, but the other dishes may be left until all the washing is done. Then wiping will be a mere nothing, especially if the rinsing water has been very hot.

But dish-washing three times a day loses its charm, you say, and grows monotonous. Yes, but the whole world is monotonous. Every day the earth turns round; every spring vegetation starts; to support life the heart is a tireless engine All these things are necessary, and so is dish-washing.—*The Voice.*

CARPET RUGS.

I make rugs of my old ingrain carpets. Of course the carpet must be perfectly clean. Cut it on a perfect bias into strips one inch wide. Then, on a sewing machine, stitch twice through the centre of the strip, leaving a space one-quarter of an inch between the rows of stitching. The ends can be joined while stitching the strips. Now, with the fingers fray out the edges nearly or quite to the stitching. Roll into balls and they are ready for the weaver. Have the same kind of warp or chain as for rag carpet, and woven just as rags they make nice durable rugs, but they are more "fluffy" and have a longer "pile" if just half as much warp is used and put in the reed in clusters of eight or ten threads: then a space the same width without threads, and so on until the warp fills the reed as wide as you want the rug. If more than one rug is woven, have the weaver leave a space between them without filling long enough so the warp can be cut and tied, to prevent ravelling out of the rugs when cut from the loom.

WASHING FLANNELS.

I presume you have all heard of using ammonia in washing flannels, but have you tried it?

If not, add one tablespoonful to two pails of water in which a piece of white soap has been dissolved to make strong suds. Yellow soap generally contains resin, which stiffens the flannel.

The water should be nearly as hot as can be borne by the hands.

Put in the flannels and let stand for half an hour, occasionally stirring them; then rub the most soiled parts with the hands and rinse in water of the same temperature as the first, (i.e. as hot as can be borne by the hand) in which a little soap has been dissolved, also adding about half the quantity of ammonia as to the first.

Flannels treated this way will always be soft, and "Papa's shirt will not soon fit Baby" nor be in danger of disappearing altogether as sometimes seems probable.—*Far and Near.*

RECIPES FOR INVALIDS.

Cream of String-Beans.—Throw a quart of green string-beans in boiling water, in which there is half a tablespoonful of soda or as much carbonate of ammonia as would lie on the point of a knife, to preserve the color; drain the beans, and pass them through a sieve (not colander, but sieve). There will be about a pint of pulp. Make a *roux* by placing in a saucepan butter the size of a pigeon's egg, and, when it bubbles, throw in two large, heaping tablespoonfuls of flour (two generous ounces); let it cook without taking color; then pour in a quart of clear stock, and the pint of string-bean pulp. Stir it well with the egg whisk, letting it cook a few minutes without boiling. It would be liable to curdle if boiled. Just before serving pour in nearly a cupful of good, thick cream; season with salt and cayenne pepper. Whip it well with the egg whisk over the fire, and serve immediately. At Delmonico's they serve, sprinkled over the soup in the tureen, imitation navy-beans, made by dropping drops of fritter batter in hot lard. They are crisp and savory, but a fritter of any kind should never be mentioned in an invalid's book.

Chicken Broth.—Cut up half a chicken (one and a half pounds) in rather small pieces, and break the bones. Do not wash it if you would save the whole juice. Put it in the cleanest of saucepans with three pints of clear cold water and a tablespoonful of rice. Bring it slowly to a boil and let it simmer for two hours, closely covered. Half an hour before it is done throw in a little sprig of parsley. When done, pass the broth through a sieve into a hot bowl, pressing the rice through with a spoon. Let it stand a moment, and then skim off the fat. Salt it with care, also add a few specks of red pepper. I hardly dare mention the red pepper, as the broth is good enough without it, and, if any is used, a cook is sure to put in too much. Or, instead of rice, granulated barley or wheat may be used for a thickening. The broth may be served with some dainty crackers, or wafers, on a separate dish, to be broken into the broth when served; or, for a change, the rice may be boiled separately and a tablespoonful of the whole grains added after the broth is in the bowl.

Caramel Custard.—Make the caramel by putting two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and a teaspoonful of water over the fire and stirring it until it gets quite a dark brown—not black; then add a dessert spoonful of water. It will make a thick syrup. Pour this into the bottom of two cups or little fancy moulds, and turn it around until it covers the bottom and sides. For the custard, beat well three eggs, (yolks and whites,) with a teaspoonful of white sugar and the very thin yellow cuts of a lemon; then stir in a cupful of milk or thin cream which has been brought to the scalding-point (not boiling) over the fire. Fill the cups or moulds (previously lined with the caramel) with the custard; place them in a basin of hot water, the water reaching nearly to the top of the moulds, and bake them in the oven until the custard is set, or feels firm to the finger—no longer. They will set in twelve or fifteen minutes. The custards may be served either hot or cold—although they are generally served cold—turned from the mould when just ready to be served.

Coffee Jelly.—Soak three quarters of a box of gelatine, (either Cox's or Cooper's, or ten sheets of the common gelatine,) in a pint of cold water until dissolved; then add a pint of boiling water, two cupfuls of sugar, and one pint of clear strong (so the *chef* said) coffee. But the coffee need not be so very strong. Mould it. Surround coffee jelly, when on the platter ready to be served, with whipped cream.

OLD-FASHIONED DAINTIES.

Lady's Cake.—The whites of 16 eggs; three quarters of a pound of sifted flour; half a pound and two ounces of fresh butter; one pound of powdered sugar; three ounces of shelled bitter-almonds; two wine-glasses of rose-water. Blanch the almonds in scalding water. Pound them one at a time in a mortar, pouring in, as you do so, the rose-water—a few drops at a time—to moisten them, make them lighter, and keep them from sinking in a lump to the bottom of the cake. On no account use sweet almonds. When they have been pounded to a smooth paste, cover them and set them away in a cold place. It is better to prepare them the day before they are wanted. Cut up the butter in the sugar, and beat to a light cream. Take the whites only of 16 eggs, and beat till they stand alone. Then stir them into the creamed butter and sugar alternately with the flour, a little at a time. Stir the whole mixture very hard, and then put into a well-buttered tin pan, and set immediately in a moderately hot oven. It will require more than two hours to bake. Be careful not to let it burn. When sure it is done, which can be ascertained by testing it with a twig from a corn broom, place it on an inverted sieve, cover lightly with a napkin, and let it cool gradually. When cold, ice it with white of egg and powdered loaf-sugar, flavored with ten drops of oil of lemon or one drop of oil of roses. Don't cut it until the next day. This cake is beautifully white, and, if the recipe is strictly followed, will be found delicious. If put in a cool place and guarded from the air, it will keep a week.

Gold Cake.—To use with the cake given above both for the sake of using the yolks of part of the eggs whose whites were put in the lady's cake, and for the sake of the contrast of color, the following recipe is excellent: Four cups of sugar; one cup of milk; one and a half cups of butter; yolks of twelve eggs; two lemons; six cups of flour; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of saleratus (this was used on account of the absence of the whites of the eggs; three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder can be substituted if more convenient.) Cream the butter and sugar together till very light; add the milk, the eggs—very thoroughly beaten—the lemons, and, lastly, the flour, twice sifted. One-half the quantity given in these recipes would probably be ample for modern requirements. Our grandmothers were generous providers.

Plum Pudding.—One pound of flour; one pound of sugar; one pound of raisins; one pound of currants; half a pound of citron; one pound of suet well chopped; one dozen eggs; one teaspoonful of cinnamon, of nutmeg, and of mace. Mix the suet thoroughly with the sifted flour, stir in the sugar, add the eggs, well beaten, then the fruit and spices, stirred thoroughly through the mixture. Boil four hours.

Laplands.—One quart of cream; one quart of flour; twelve eggs; a little salt. Separate the yolks from the whites, and beat till very light. Stir the cream into the flour, then add the yolks, and, lastly, the whites. Then put them at once into a quick oven. Bake in small tins, which should be perfectly dry before being greased, after which a little flour should be sprinkled over the bottom of each. Fill the tins full of batter, and eat hot with nice butter.

This recipe is marked with faded ink in the old book from which I copied it, "Delicious," and below was added the quaint and suggestive bit of advice, "Try to restrain your appetites while eating." These laplands, though originally intended to be served at tea, have sometimes been pronounced equally tempting eaten as a lunch dish with hot sauce.

THE STORY OF AN EASTER HAT.

"Linda Jarvis has a new hat—that's all that Easter means to her! I saw Miss Plumer's girl carrying home the band-box, and then I just glanced in at the window as I went by, and there was Linda trying it on before the mirror."

The other girls—there were four or five of them grouped together in the high school hall—looked somewhat disapprovingly at Abby Luce. They were all proud of the fact that Abby was a better Greek scholar than any boy in the school, and they had a vague impression that it conferred honor upon the Dummerfield High School to have one girl pupil who eschewed bangs, in spite of a very high forehead, and was always guiltless of a ruffle or a ribbon; but Abby Luce, with all her strength of mind, must not be allowed to be too severe upon Linda Jarvis, for Linda was a favorite.

"Linda does like pretty clothes; she's a real Easter lily. But I don't think it's a bit of harm, if one isn't selfish about it," said Alice Carver stoutly.

"Or doesn't allow one's self to be faint-hearted because one can't have them," said Janey Jackson. Janey never had a dress except her Aunt Mehitable's old ones. She had worn a snuff-colored one now for nearly two years—ever since the lavender and green plaid wore out.

"Of course one ought to be thinking of better things than clothes at Easter," said little Amy Drummond.

"But one's belongings ought to be new and fresh and pretty then; its fitting," maintained poor Janey.

"I should expect more sensible ideas from you," said Abby Luce severely. (Janey had "a head for" higher mathematics, and Abby respected her accordingly.) "Of course Linda is nothing but frivolous; she shirks Latin, and writes compositions on 'Woodland Flowers,' and ties the manuscripts with a blue ribbon!"

"Sh! sh!" the warning came from several girls simultaneously, as the object of these dreadful accusations passed through the hall within earshot. She was a tall girl, with an air of style which was not common in Dummerfield. In fact, her father had brought his family there from the city a year before, having established the large cotton mills, which seemed likely to change Dummerfield from a drowsy village to a bustling town.

She joined the group of girls now, and the conversation turned to the coming Easter services at the new church, and the boy choir, an innovation of the new minister's which had aroused much interest, and also much criticism.

"There's one good thing about it any way—every one in Dummerfield will go to church!" said little Amy Drummond.

But little Amy Drummond did not know every one in Dummerfield, although she had lived there all her life.

Away off beyond Town Hill, three miles away from the village, there was a queer, dilapidated old house, whose mistress did not even know that it was Easter. M'randy Fickett, the mistress of this old house, was a girl of fifteen, and many of the good things of life, as well as Easter, had never come in her way. Christmas never came beyond Town Hill, and the "back folks," as the dwellers in that region were called by all Dummerfield, were too poor and "shiftless" to keep Thanksgivng Day. Of course there will be something of the Fourth of July whenever there is a boy, and there were boys among the "back folks;" and one day—oh, blissful memory!—the balloon that went up from Dummerfield common had come down on the edge of Purgatory Swamp, only a few yards from the dilapidated old house. M'randy had dated everything from that exciting day for long afterwards. It was different for her brother 'Lije: more good times came to him, either because boys always will have them, or because he had plenty of boy comrades, while there was scarcely a girl of M'randy's age among the "back folks."

'Lije and M'randy, who were twins, had lived alone together in the queer house—you will believe that it was queer when you know that it was Deacon Forester's old granary; its owner had benevolently moved it there for the Ficketts to live in, when they had come to Dummerfield with their father, who was dying of consumption.

They could raise vegetables; they could cut all the wood they needed off the piece of land which Deacon Forester had given them; they kept a cow, and M'randy made butter and sold it; in winter she knit stockings which found a sale at the store, and they need never have been really in want if 'Lije had only been—well, just a little different. M'randy never admitted anything more than that even to herself; she would like to have 'Lije just a little different, but then, being a boy, perhaps he couldn't be. She was always ready to find excuses for him when he preferred to go fishing rather than to chop wood or dig potatoes, and she was inclined to think 'Lije would always behave well if there were not so many rough boys to lead him into mischief. The mills had brought a set of rougher boys to town than ever were there before, and 'Lije seemed to have private affairs with them, which troubled M'randy.

There was a cloud on her face as she stood in the doorway on this Easter morning—as sunshiny and springlike an Easter morning as ever dawned. She had lain awake in the night worrying about 'Lije. For 'Lije had been very silent of late: he was cross when she wanted him to do anything, and he had been out late the night before, probably with those dreadful mill boys.

But her face lightened as a boy's voice rang out from the woods immediately behind the house; a boy's voice of wonderful quality—clear, flute-like, angelic, as only a boy's voice can be.

Ordinarily 'Lije's songs were not angelic; he picked them up in the street, or at the mills; he sang the airs that were ground out by a stray hand-organ or a minstrel troupe. Surprise grew on M'randy face as she listened now:

> "The strife is o'er, the battle done!
> The victory of life is won;
> The song of triumph is begun,
> Hallelujah!"

How 'Lije's clear soprano rang out on the "hallelujah!" M'randy didn't know just what the words meant. "That must be the song that he said he heard them practising down to the new meetin'-house. 'Lije can catch a tune so quick!" she said to herself. "I guess it's the same tune that man heard the other day, when he was goin' by 'n' stopped 'n' asked who 'twas that was singin'. I don' know who the man was; mebbe 'twas the new minister! They say he thinks a sight of singin'. I wish't I could hear 'em sing down there! But I hain't got nothin' to wear."

This sad reflection brought a new idea to M'randy's mind.

"I wish't I could get 'Lije to harness up old Nancy 'n' go down to the village with me this morning. I want to sell my butter, and I've got that soft-soap made that Mis' Giles wanted. 'Lije!"

'Lije was still singing.

> "Christ the Lord is risen to-day!"

The strains came joyfully to M'randy's ears. But M'randy's mind was on her butter and the soft-soap for Mrs. Giles.

'Lije came at last, with his arms full of wood for the fire. It meant that 'Lije was good-natured when he brought in wood in the morning without being asked to do so.

"Carry your butter to the store this morning?" he repeated after M'randy, in a tone of extreme surprise.

"I know you said you was goin' fishin', but we hain't got a mite of flour, 'Lije; so I must sell the butter."

There was a queer twinkle in 'Lije's eyes. M'randy thought she hadn't known him to be in such good humor for a long time; in fact, not since he had begun to go with the mill boys.

'Lije turned his head away to hide a laugh. He thought it was a good joke that M'randy had forgotten that it was Sunday—M'randy, who was always preaching to him about behaving well, and mourned because they couldn't go to church, and used to read, once in a while, in the old Bible that their father had left them, until he gradually tore it up—a fellow had to have wadding for his gun!

He thought it would be a fine joke to take M'randy through the main street of Dummerfield with her butter and soap in their old waggon, while the people were going to church.

Nancy was an ancient, raw-boned steed, of which the Dummerfield boys made fun; the Ficketts had bought her of old Jerry Flint, the drunken cobbler, for two loads of wood, a dozen pairs of stockings and half a cheese; and as the waggon was very old and rickety, and rudely mended with ropes and wires, it was altogether a queer equipage of which Abby Luce and little Amy Drummond caught sight on their way to church.

"They really look as if they were going peddling! I don't suppose it makes the least difference to them that it's Sunday," said Abby Luce. "That Fickett boy goes with the mill boys, and puts them up to mischief, I've heard. There's a strike, you know, and they're afraid of serious trouble among the boys."

"There really ought to be some missionary work done among those back folks!" said little Amy Drummond, with her soft blue eyes full of trouble.

They looked so severely at M'randy that the color rose to her face.

"'Lije, they've got their best clothes on! Everybody we've seen has." The color and the distress deepened suddenly in M'randy's face. "O, 'Lije! how could you let me do it? Why didn't you tell me?—it's Sunday!"

'Lije turned away his face. He was fond of M'randy and her distress touched him. It did not seem so good a joke, after all.

"Sunday? Of course it's Sunday!" called a cheery voice. "Easter Day, too."

M'randy turning saw, through tear suffused eyes, a tall, stylish young lady, adorned with the very prettiest of spring hats. M'randy knew her at once as the daughter of Mr. Jarvis, the mill owner. 'Lije recognized her also, and scowled at her. He prided himself upon siding with the strikers, and disapproving of mill owners.

"Aren't you the boy who sings?" asked the girl, smiling upon him in the most friendly way, quite regardless of scowls. "I've heard that you had a wonderful voice. Mr. Morris, the new minister, has heard you, and he said he wished that you would sing in the choir."

A look of gratification was struggling through 'Lije's scowl in spite of himself.

"Won't you come to church and hear the music, anyway?" said the girl.

"Oh! I wish we could," cried M'randy. "But we look so! I—I forgot 'twas Sunday. I don't know how I come to. I do remember, mostly. But we was all out of things, and I was real worried, 'n' I wanted to sell my butter 'n' soap. Oh! I would like to go to meetin' 'n' hear them boys sing!"

"I'll tell you what you can do," said Linda Jarvis, who had been performing some rapid mental calculations. "Aunt Ruth Oliver lives just below here. She will let you leave your waggon in her barn, and you can come to church with me."

M'randy looked at her calico gown and her old sacque; they were clean and whole, although faded. Then she took her hood off her head, and eyed it ruefully; it was hopelessly ragged, and its original color was entirely lost.

"If it wa'n't for the hood! but folks would laugh; they wouldn't want me to meetin' in that," she murmured dejectedly.

Linda hesitated; there was not time to go home; the church bells had long ago ceased to ring; then she took the dainty hat off her own head, and set it upon M'randy's. I am not going to tell of the struggle that went on in her mind while she hesitated; some one might think that I exaggerated; but it would not be a girl who, dearly liking pretty things, had planned an Easter hat weeks beforehand, and found it a triumph of her own and the milliner's art, and the most becoming hat she had ever worn! Whatever you may think, I am sure that the recording angel knew it was a sacrifice.

"There! you shall have that for your own. Now I am sure you won't be ashamed to go to church," cried Linda.

M'randy colored high with delight under the pretty hat. It was quite wonderful to see how pretty she looked. Linda was surprised that she had not observed how lovely she was. 'Lije felt surprised in the same way, and in spite of himself his heart softened and swelled.

"O, no! I sha'n't go to church bareheaded," Linda said gaily, in answer to M'randy's anxious query. "Aunt Ruth Oliver will lend me a hat." She winced a little at the thought of the hat which Aunt Ruth Oliver would lend her; Aunt Ruth was an elderly spinster, and wore the dowdiest of clothes.

Linda had reflected, while she hesitated about giving away her Easter hat, that Aunt Ruth would never lend any of her head-gear to one of the "back folks."

"You will come too, won't you?" Linda said to 'Lije, after the waggon had been driven into Miss Ruth Oliver's barn, Linda having asked the permission of that much surprised and scandalized lady.

M'randy had previously whispered to 'Lije that he looked "'nfost like other folks," the patches on his trousers showed so little, and his jacket and cap were almost new.

'Lije found it hard to decide whether he would go or not. It seemed liked a forsaking of his principles to go to church with the mill-owner's daughter, and yet he did want to hear that boy choir sing! He privately confided to M'randy that he knew he "could sing them fellers out of sight, but he should like to hear how well they could do."

So it came to pass that both 'Lije and M'randy went to church that Easter Day with Linda Jarvis. They would have been ushered into her father's pew, but that 'Lije stoutly declined that honor. So they sat near the door; but all the high-school girls who were at church, craned their necks to see the "back folks" girl, with an astonishingly pretty hat on, whom Linda Jarvis had brought to church, while Linda herself wore an old brown thing with purple roses on it.

The choir master sought 'Lije out after the service, privately instigated by Linda. 'Lije was flattered by the invitation to join the choir; he loved to sing, and he had long cherished an unconfessed desire to have his voice trained. M'randy went home almost overcome with delight that even 'Lije was, at last, going to have a chance, and was willing to try to be "like other folks."

To the surprise of all Dummerfield the trouble with the mill boys come to a sudden and peaceful end. Linda overheard some men talking about it.

"They had a plan to get hold of Ponsonby, the overseer of the weaving room, and duck him in the pond," said one. "Ponsonby is harsh and overbearing, but he is an old man, and 'twould have been a serious matter. Then they meant to set fire to the old mills, and that fire would have spread. How did they happen to give up so peaceably? Well, that Fickett fellow was the ringleader. He's a young chap, but he's smart, and has great influence over the boys, especially over those who live up back there, where he does. He has reformed; he and his sister go to church every Sunday, and he sings in the choir. He told the boys to go to Mr. Jarvis, and tell of their wrongs like men. It seems Jarvis's daughter was kind to his twin sister; that's how it all came about."

"I'm glad that I didn't think too much of that Easter hat!" said Linda to herself, drawing a long, long breath.

The girls in the high-school hall were talking about 'Lije and M'randy about a year afterwards.

"Do you know, that girl is actually coming to school?" said little Amy Drummond. "Linda Jarvis has been helping her to prepare, and she calls her 'my friend, M[illegible] Fickett.' The boy is in Mr. Jar[illegible] counting-room, and Mr. Jarvis tells e[illegible] one how promising he is. He really has a wonderful voice; he is going to have a salary for singing next year. And that queer little granary house of theirs has muslin curtains in the windows, and the prettiest flower garden in town! I wonder how such a change came about. Abby Luce and I saw them coming to the village in their old waggon, last Easter Sunday, as if it were a week day, and how they did look!"

Abby Luce was meditative. After that Easter morning she became less severe in her judgments. No one but her had guessed the story of the Easter hat, for Miss Plumer, the milliner, had been pledged to secrecy.

"I know how the change came about," said Abby Luce slowly. And while they all looked wonderingly at her, Abby told them as much of the story as she knew. "It was through Linda Jarvis's Easter hat," concluded Abby, "and Linda's lovely, self-denying spirit. And, girls, if you ever know me to say mean things of any one again, I hope you'll remind me of that Easter hat!"—*Miriam Brastow.*

THE LORD IS RISEN.

Awake, O earth! The winter's icy fingers
Are fast relaxing their relentless hold.
The streams are pushing by the snow that lingers
Along the mountain slopes; and flushing gold,
In bunches knotted by the green-banked rills,
Displays the glory of the daffodils.

Awake, my soul! Triumphant Easter morning
Brings its glad message to all clouded hearts;
The Lord is risen, and, herself adorning,
The Church awaits the blessing he imparts.
O hear the tidings with the utmost speed.
All voices sing, The Lord is risen indeed.

EASTER CUSTOMS.

All the festivals of the Church since the earliest days have been observed by many curious customs, and a number of strange beliefs have risen in connection with these observances. One of the most curious has been the belief that when the sun rose on Easter morning it danced in the heavens *for joy*. In Ireland, according to an old account, the people used to rise at four o'clock in the morning, in order to be on hand to witness the celebration. The sun must rise particularly early in that country, or else the people took a long while to make their morning toilet; but it is certain that they rose early enough. The dancing reflection of the sun in running water was called "lamb-playing" by the English, and this is probably all the dancing any one ever saw the sun indulge in. A custom that was in vogue in Paris at one time was not so poetical by any means, but downright cruelty. There they used to stone Jews on Easter day, and take them to the church in order to punish them for the deeds of their ancestors.

Easter is a movable feast, falling upon the Sunday following the full moon of the vernal equinox. The 21st of March is called the vernal equinox, for on that date the day and the night are nearly equal, each being twelve hours long. This is the beginning of spring, as the equal day which falls on the 21st of September is the beginning of autumn. If the full moon should happen to be identical with the equinox, which in turn should be Saturday, then Easter would be celebrated upon Sunday, March 22nd, which is the earliest possible date that it can occur, the latest being the 25th of April.

The custom of Easter eggs is too well known to be spoken of at length, but it is interesting to learn that the custom originated in Germany, where the eggs are hidden in the grass and hunted for by the children, who believe that they have been laid by rabbits. That is why you sometimes see a candy rabbit carrying around an egg nearly as big as himself. In olden times tableaux and plays of a religious nature were given in the churches at Easter, similar to the Christmas mystery-plays, in which the priests and monks were the actors. Some of these plays would seem rather strange and irreverent to us to-day, but when they were in vogue the people regarded them with all seriousness and reverence.

It was also the habit in Roman Catholic countries, according to a writer on the subject, for the priest to tell some funny story from the pulpit, at which the congregation [illegible]. As Easter was the proper [illegible] mirth, it was thought proper [illegible]gin in church with what was [illegible]r laughter." This practice, [illegible]d not continue much beyond [illegible]ng of the eighteenth century. [illegible] parishes in England it was the cu[illegible] for the clerk to carry round to the different houses of the parishioners small white cakes, having a taste that is bitter and sweet mingled. For this service a reward is given, according to the wealth and standing of the recipient.

In the city of Chester, the Mayor and corporation of the city used to assemble on Easter day to indulge in a game of football. This ball was presented by the guild of shoemakers; but the younger people of the city got into so many fights over the game that in the time of Henry the Eighth another custom was devised, and prizes were given for horse and foot races. Chester was also noted for a number of other customs, all of which promoted fun and jollity, although the fun was sometimes a little rough, and the customs decidedly curious to us to-day.

In the Tyrol, bands of musicians and singers travel through the beautiful valleys of that region, and celebrate the Resurrection by song and music. They stop at every door, and call the people forth to join with them in chorus, and as night comes on the children carry torches to light the way of the singers. All along the way the musicians are feasted with cakes and wine; and here, too, the children make merry with colored eggs.

All these customs had a religious significance at first, which has generally been forgotten by those who take part; but wherever any old customs are still observed, they are characterized by a spirit of happiness and joy that is in keeping with the day.—*Harper's Young People.*

GONE TO HER REST.

Jennie Casseday is dead. That is, peacefully as the light of day declines, her beautiful spirit left the wasted body and went to its rest and everlasting home. This was at the hour of half-past three in the afternoon of Wednesday, February 8, 1893.

"Job had no point over her," was the remark of one who knew Jennie Casseday well, and who saw her through her last illness, noticing her unflagging faith and patience so that not so much as a suggestion of complaint ever entered her thoughts or fell from her lips, though it was evident to all present during the closing days of her career on earth that her sufferings were excruciating.

In the year 1840, Jennie Casseday was born in Louisville, in a house occupying part of the ground where the Masonic Temple now stands. She came of a stock of people noted for their generous impulse and superior gifts and graces of mind; and both her father and mother were among the pillars of the early Presbyterian church of Louisville; so that having grown up with this body she has remained with it to the end, and to the point of becoming one of its loveliest ornaments.

Jennie Casseday was little more than a baby when her mother died. Samuel Casseday, her father, was one of the best known of the merchants of Louisville in his day, and he was in a position to give, as he did, his family every advantage. Here, amidst brightest Christian surroundings and associations, Jennie Casseday's girlhood years were spent; and it was also whilst here that, just at the time young womanhood was dawning, the accident, as the event was termed, occurred which turned her career in the wonderful course in which it has been run. Thus early she was made a physical invalid, in order, as it would seem, that her mind and heart might be the more brightened. Be that as it may, the results are extraordinary, and justify the search for adequate cause beyond the common. Jennie Casseday's whole working life has been given to doing good, and to planning that good might be done to others, the poor and the friendless forming the special objects of her untiring interest.

"HE IS RISEN. HE IS NOT HERE."—Mark 16. 6.

[From a Painting by P. Bouguereau.

The individual, that by her departure has thus made many mourners—for her true friends are all over the world—was as cheery a soul as ever lived. Hers was a joyous nature, and her heart was as a bright light that only death could extinguish; her sense of humor which, like all her other senses, was very fine and keen, stayed with her down to the very edge of the dark waters. This largeness, this broad point of contact with everything human, was a chief secret of Jennie Casseday's power and capacity as an organizer and manager.

That the cloud during many years of Jennie Casseday's life was gloriously illumined is no proof that at first it was not very black. It was, and the way to the full, clear light and steady faith that in due time came was through much sorrow and trial. There was at the very outset the active young brain; there were the fresh aspirations; all were present, but all had to be turned into unusual channels. The wonder of wonders is that this was done without a trace of the morbid in heart or head. But so it was. Little by little, one by one, the outlets came. Her work in charity extended over a period of about thirty years her most widely-known organization being the flower mission.

Besides, let it here be noted, to add to her difficulties, she had been during most of these years in the physically helpless condition of being unable, unassisted, to leave her bed. Thus restricted, she yet, in addition to all her flower-mission work, which steadily went on enlarging, was the founder and maker in Louisville of the Training School for Nurses; the Jennie Casseday Infirmary, also of that city, and now a firmly established institution, is of her inspiring, and many a tired woman in long years to come will think of her and call her "blessed" out of memories of "Rest Cottage." No one in Louisville would ask what was "Rest Cottage." It was, indeed, it may be said for the information of some away from here, a place of real rest for those who in the city of Miss Casseday's birth most needed rest and were least likely to be able to get it on their own motion. It was not a charity. It was a pay place—the pay part being in the form rather than in the fact—to which girls who had to make their own way in the working walks of life could go, and in a beautiful country retreat—having all the accompaniments of a quiet Christian home—for a time leave behind and forget all toil, and the shop and the counter, and even the schoolroom, in its most poorly paid departments. Her correspondence was very large, but with her own frail hand she did every part of it, and nothing in this line was ever slighted, neglected or put off. Her books are posted to date, and she is gone. A life given to care for others is at an end as to the worry, but it will be long before the story is all told.

In all the relations of life Jennie Casseday has been the same noble Christian; tolerant of the honest opinions and real rights of others, quietly and unfalteringly true to her own faith, a friend without deviation or shadow of turning, she is both a lesson and an inspiration to all whose good fortune it was to know her.

Jennie Casseday's two sisters, Mrs. W. T. McElroy and Mrs. John Duncan, were by her side unremittingly during the closing hours of her life; and this separation by death is the first parting between Jennie Casseday and Fanny C. Duncan. All their lives they have been as one, laboring together with singleness of mind and heart; for when in 1883, Miss Fannie Casseday and Mr. John Duncan were married, there was no interruption of the perfect harmony between the two sisters, nor has there ever been.

The question will surely be often asked, what was the secret of this woman's power? In one sense, during Jennie Casseday's own life, this was an interrogatory that more than once forced itself upon the attention even in her presence; and good Christian that she was, and simple-hearted and sincere as she invariably appeared, she of course gave all the merits to the Master. But the means here on the way to the beautiful end, as in the greatest of all cases of the kind, was through suffering; and her order of suffering was not, and should never be confounded with the suffering of the stoic. Hers was the hopeful fortitude of faith in an ever-living Redeemer. The world knew this, and so people of all kinds and conditions were drawn to Jennie Casseday. Never was such a gathering seen in Louisville—not many like gatherings have ever appeared or will ever appear on earth—as that which was assembled on Friday, February 10, 1893, at Warren Memorial Church on the occasion of the funeral services there of Jennie Casseday. It never occurred to any to think who sat next in the pew on that occasion, for side by side might then be seen the plain sun-bonnet and the finished production of the fashionable milliner. In her life and in her death Jennie Casseday furnished an illustration not second even to that of the great St. Paul of the possibilities of a genuine Christianity entering into and controlling the life.—*By John Duncan, in Union Signal.*

OLIVET.

Triumph on Olivet! with praises greet Him,
Israel's Messiah and Victorious King,
Ye who would crown Him, go ye forth to meet Him,
Let your Hosannas o'er the mountain ring!

Ere the dark clouds of doom around Him gather,
Anthems, prophetic of His glory, swell!
Ancient of days, and One with God the Father,
Love hath constrained Him in our midst to dwell.

Glistens before Him Zion's stately city,
Porches and pinnacles are all aglow,
Lo, thy King cometh! In divinest pity.
Tears for thy doom and sorrow overflow.

"If thou hadst known thy day of visitation,
Peace had been thine!" thou, Olivet, hast heard
Love's bitter wail in Jesus' lamentation,
Ages have echoed on each mournful word.

Wonder on Olivet, while earth's strange story
Falls on the ear beneath the olive's shade,
Nor yet the kingdom cometh and the glory,
First must the Son of David be betrayed.

Sorrow on Olivet! Death's bitter vial
Must be outpoured, the Saviour's gentle lips
Warn of betrayal, weakness and denial,
Shame of the cross, and triumph's swift eclipse.

Sorrows of centuries, and sin's dread burden
Press on His spirit and torture His brow;
Angel of heaven! whisper of joy's guerdon,
Terrors of darkness encompass Him now.

* * * * *

Lo! on Mount Olivet a King victorious
With all His saints triumphantly shall stand;
Mighty in majesty, in power glorious,
Jehovah reigneth over sea and land!

CLARA THWAITES.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XIV.—*(Continued.)*

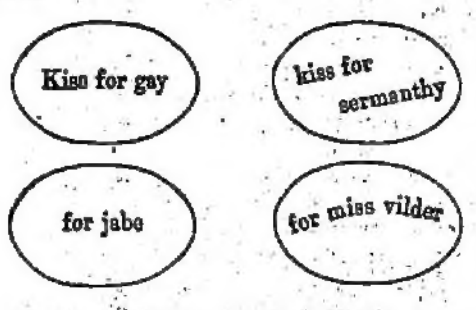
As she picked up the heap of clothes to lay them neatly on a chair, a bit of folded paper fell from the bosom of the little dress. She glanced at it, turned it over and over, read it quite through. Then, after retiring behind her apron a moment, she went swiftly downstairs to the dining-room where Miss Avilda and Jabe were sitting.

"There!" she exclaimed, with a triumphant sob, as she laid the paper down in front of the astonished couple. "That's a letter from Timothy. He's run away, 'n' I don't blame him a mite 'n' I hope folks 'll be satisfied now they've got red of the blessed angel, 'n' turned him ou'doors without a roof to his head? Read it out, 'n' see what kind of a boy we've showed the door to!"

Dere Miss vilder and sermanthy. i herd you say i cood not stay here enny longer and other people sed nobuddy wood have me and what you sed about the home but as i do not like homes i am going to run away if its all the same to you. Pleas give Jabe back his birds egs with my love and i am sorry i broak the humming-bird's one but it was a naxident. Pleas take good care of gay and i will come back and get her when I am ritch. I thank you very mutch for such a happy time and the white farm is the most butifull plase in the whole whirld. TIM.

p. s. i wood not tell you if i was going to stay but billy penel thros stones at the white cow witch i fere will get into her milk so no more from TIM.

i am sorry not to say good by but i am afrade on account of the home so i put them here.



The paper fell from Miss Vilda's trembling fingers, and two salt tears dropped into the kissing places.

"The Lord forgive me!" she said at length (and it was many a year since any one had seen her so moved). "The Lord forgive me for a hard-hearted old woman, and give me a chance to make it right. Not one reproachful word does he say to us about showin' partiality, — not one! And my heart has kind of yearned over that boy from the first, but just because he had Marthy's eyes he kept bringin' up the past to me, and I never looked at him without rememberin' how hard and unforgivin' I'd ben to her, and thinkin' if I'd petted and humored her a little and made life pleasanter, perhaps she'd never have gone away. And I've scrimped and saved and laid up money till it comes hard to pay it out, and when I thought of bringin' up and schoolin' two children I cal'lated I couldn't afford it; and yet I've got ten thousand dollars in the bank and the best farm for miles around. Samanthy, you go fetch my bonnet and shawl, — Jabe, you go and hitch up Maria, and we'll go after that boy and fetch him back if he's to be found anywheres above ground! And if we come across any more o' the same family trampin' around the country, we'll bring them along home while we're about it, and see if we can't get some sleep and some comfort out o' life. And the Missionary Society can look somewheres else for money. There's plenty o' folks that don't get good works set right down in their front yards for 'em to do. I'll look out for the individyals for a spell, and let the other folks support the societies!"

SCENE XV.

Willkins's Woods.

LIKE ALL DOGS IN FICTION THE FAITHFUL RAGS GUIDES MISS VILDA TO HIS LITTLE MASTER.

Samantha ran out to the barn to hold the lantern and see that Jabe didn't go to sleep while he was harnessing Maria. But he seemed unusually "spry" for him, although he was conducting himself in a somewhat strange and unusual manner. His loose figure shook from time to time, as with severe chills; he seemed too weak to hold up the shafts, and so he finally dropped them and hung around Maria's neck in a sort of mild, speechless convulsion.

"What under the canopy ails you, Jabe Slocum?" asked Samantha. "I s'pose it's one o' them everlastin' old huddled jokes o' yourn you're tryin' to hatch out, but it's a poor time to be jokin' now. What's the matter with you?"

"'Ask me no questions 'n' I'll tell you no lies,' is an awful good motto," chuckled Jabe, with a new explosion of mirth that stretched his mouth to an alarming extent. "Oh, there, I can't hold in 'nother minute. I shall bust if I don' tell somebody! Set down on that nail keg, Samanthy, 'n' I'll let you hev a leetle slice o' this joke — if you'll keep it to yourself. You see I know — 'bout — whar — to look for this hero — runaway!"

"You hevn't got him stowed away anywheres, hev you? If you hev, it'll be the last joke you'll play on Vildy Cummins, I can tell you that much, Jabe Slocum."

"No, I hain't stowed him away, but I can tell putty nigh whar he's stowed hisself away, and I'm ready to die a-laffin' to see how it's all turned out jest as I suspicioned 'twould. You see, Samanthy Ann, I thought 'bout a week ago 'twould be well enough to kind o' create a demand for the young ones so't they'd have some kind of a market value, and so I got Elder Southwick 'n' Aunt Hitty kind o' started on that tack, 'n' it worked out slick as a whistle, tho' they didn't know I was usin' of 'em as innercent instruments, and Aunt Hitty don't need much encouragement to talk; it's a heap easier for her to drizzle 'n it is to hold up! Well, I've ben surmisin' for a week that the boy meant to run away, and to-day I was dead sure of it; for he come to me this afternoon, when I was restin a spell on account o' the hot sun, and he was awful low-speerited, 'n' he asked me every namable kind of a question you ever hearn tell of, and all so simple-minded that I jest turned him inside out 'thout his knowin' what I was doin'. Well, when I found out what he was up to I could 'a' stopped him then 'n' there, tho I don' know's I would anyhow, for I shouldn't like livin' in 'sylum any better 'n he does; but thinks I to myself, thinks I, I'd better let him run away, jest as he's plannin', — and why? Cause it'll show what kind o' stuff he's made of, and that he ain't no beggar layin' roun' whar he ain't wanted, but a self-respectin' boy that's wuth lookin' after. And thinks I, Samanthy, 'n' I know the wuth of him a'-ready, but there 's them that hain't waked up to it yit, namely, Miss Vildy Trypheny Cummins; and as Miss Vildy Trypheny Cummins is that kind o' cattle that can't be drove' but hez to be kind o' coaxed along, mebbe this runnin'-away bizness'll be the thing that'll fetch her roun' to our way o' thinkin'. Now I wouldn't deceive nobody for a farm down East with a pig on it, but thinks I, there ain't no deceivin' 'bout this. He don' know I know he's goin' to run away, so he's all square; and he never told me nothin' 'bout his plans, so I'm all square; and Miss Vildy's good as eighteen-karat gold when she gets roun' to it, so she'll be all square; and Samanthy's got her blinders on 'n' don't see nothin' to the right nor to the left, so she's all square. And I ain't interferin' with nobody. I'm jest lettin' things go the way they started, 'n' stan'in' to one side to see whar they'll fetch up, kind o' like Providence. I'm leavin' Miss Vildy a free agent, but I'm shapin' circumstances so's to give her a chance. But, land, if I'd fixed up the thing to suit myself, I couldn't 'a' managed it as Timothy hez, 'thout knowin' that he was managin' anything. Look at that letter bizness now! I couldn't 'a' writ that letter better myself! And the speerit o' the little feller, jest takin' his dorg 'n' lightin' out with nothin' but a perlite good-bye! Well I can't stop to talk no more 'bout it now, or we won't ketch him, but we'll jest try Wilkins's Woods, Maria, 'n' see how that goes. The river road leads to Edgewood 'n' Hillside, whar there's consid'able hayin' bein' done, as I happened to mention to Timothy this afternoon, and plenty o' blackberries 'side the road, 'specially after you pass the wood-pile on the left-hand side, whar there's a reg'lar garding of 'em right 'side of an old hoss-blanket that's layin' there, one that I happened to leave there one time when I was sleepin' ou'doors for my health, and that was this afternoon 'bout five o'clock, so I guess it hain't changed its location sence."

Jabe and Miss Vilda drove in silence along the river road that skirted Wilkins's Woods, a place where Jabe had taken Timothy more than once, so he informed Miss Vilda, and a likely road for him to travel if he were on his way to some of the near villages.

Poor Miss Vilda! Fifty years old, and in twenty summers and winters scarcely one lovely thought had blossomed into lovelier deed and shed its sweetness over her arid and colorless life. And now, under the magic spell of tender little hands and innocent lips, of luminous eyes that looked wistfully into hers for a welcome, and the touch of a groping helplessness that fastened upon her strength, the woman in her woke into life, and the beauty and fragrance of long-ago summers came back again as in a dream.

After having driven three or four miles they heard a melancholy sound in the distance: and as they approached a huge wood-pile on the left side of the road, they saw a small woolly form perched on a little rise of ground, howling most melodiously at the August moon, that hung like a ball of red fire in the cloudless sky.

"That's a sign of death in the family, ain't it, Jabe?" whispered Miss Vilda faintly.

"So they say," he answered cheerfully; "but if 'tis, I can 'count for it, bein' as how I fertilized the pond lillies with a mess o' four white kittens this afternoon; and as Rags was with me when I done it, he may know what he's bayin' 'bout, — if 'tis Rags, 'n' it looks enough like him to be him, — 'n' it is him, by Jimmy, 'n' Timothy's sure to be somewheres near. I'll get out 'n' look roun' a little."

"You set right still, Jabe, I'll get out myself, for if I find that boy I've got something to say to him that nobody can say for me."

As Jabe drew the waggon up beside the fence, Rags bounded out to meet them. He knew Maria, bless your [illegible] ute he clapped his eyes on [illegible] approached Miss Vilda's co[illegible] quivering whiskers seemed e[illegible] where have I smelled that bo[illegible] I mistake not, it has been ap[illegible] more than once. Ha! I have [illegible] Vilda Cummins of the White Farm, [illegible] her of the white cat and hash-pan, and companion of the lady with the firm hand, who wields the broom!" whereupon he leaped up on Miss Cummins's black alpaca skirts, and made for her flannel garters in a way that she particularly disliked.

"Now," said she, "if he's anything like the dogs you hear tell of, he'll take us right to Timothy."

"Wall, I don' know," said Jabe cautiously; "there's so many kinds o' dorg in him you can't hardly tell what he will do. When dorgs is mixed beyond a certain p'int it kind o' muddles up their instincts, 'n' you can't rely on 'em. Still you might try him. Hold still, 'n' see what he'll do."

Miss Vilda "held still," and Rags jumped on her skirts.

"Now, set down, 'n' see whar he'll go."

Miss Vilda sat down, and Rags went into her lap.

(To be Continued.)

JUST OUT OF THE EGG.—AN EASTER OPENING.—DRAWN BY RENE VALETTE.

AN EASTER OPENING.

These sketches were all done from life by M. Rene Valette, the well-known Parisian painter. They represent the grotesque appearance and attitudes of some of our familiar feathered friends as they make their *debuts* upon the stage of life—that is to say, just as they step out of the egg. Nos. 1 to 5 inclusive are devoted to the common chicks, those fussy little creatures that go picking and cheeping about, shaking their downy plumage, and at the slightest alarm scurrying for protection to the sheltering wings of the maternal hen. The next four sketches show little ducks at the same interesting period of existence. No. 10 is a young heron, who as yet scarcely k[nows] what to do with his long neck, legs [and] bill. The owl (*Nos.* 11, 12, 13 and [14]) with his goggle eyes and abundant [fluff] looks as wise and dignified even [in] infancy. In 15, 16, 17 and [18] we have the scraggy fledgeling crow, whose greedy, ever-open beak offers a fine [target] for worms. No. 19 is a baby chaffinch, while 20, 21 and 22 portray the too-common sparrow. Then we have the woodpecker (23), the fauvet (24), a pair of starlings (25), and, finally, a very distressful-looking little creature (26) which the artist assures us is a tomtit.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE XV.—*(Continued.)*

"Now make believe start somewheres, 'n' mebbe he'll get ahead 'n' put you on the right track."

Miss Vilda did as she was told, and Rags followed close at her heels.

"Gorry! I never see sech a fool!—or wait,—I'll tell you what's the matter with him. Mebbe he ain't sech a fool as he looks. You see, he knows Timothy wants to run away and don't want to be found 'n' clapped into a 'sylum, 'n' nuther does he. And not bein' sure o' your intentions, he ain't a-goin' to give hisself away; that's the way I size Mr. Rags up!"

"Nice doggy, nice doggy!" shuddered Miss Vilda, as Rags precipitated himself upon her again. "Show me where Timothy is, and then we'll go back home and have some nice bones. Run and find your little master, that's a good doggy!"

It would be a clever philosopher who could divine Rags's special method of logic, or who could write him down either as fool or sage. Suffice it to say that, at this moment (having run in all other possible directions, and wishing, doubtless, to keep on moving), he ran round the wood-pile; and Miss Vilda following close behind, came upon a little figure stretched on a bit of gray blanket. The pale face shone paler in the moonlight; there were traces of tears on the cheeks; but there was a heavenly smile on his parted lips, as if his dream-mother had rocked him to sleep in her arms. Rags stole away to Jabe (for even mixed dogs have some delicacy), and Miss Vilda went down on her knees beside the sleeping boy.

"Timothy, Timothy, wake up!"

No answer.

"Timothy, wake up! I've come to take you home!"

Timothy woke with a sob and a start at that hated word, and seeing Miss Vilda at once jumped to conclusions.

"Please, please, dear Miss Vildy, don't take me to the Home, but find me some other place, and I'll never, never run away from it!"

"My blessed little boy, I've come to take you back to your own home at the White Farm."

It was too good to believe all at once. "Nobody wants me there," he said hesitatingly.

"Everybody wants you there," replied Miss Vilda, with a softer note in her voice than anybody had ever heard there before. "Samantha wants you, Gay wants you, and Jabe is waiting out here with Maria, for he wants you."

"But do you want me?" faltered the boy.

"I want you more than all of 'em put together, Timothy; I want you and I need you most of all," cried Miss Vilda, with the tears coursing down her withered cheeks; "and if you'll only forgive me for hurtin' your feelin's and makin' you run away, you shall come to the White Farm and be my own boy as long as you live."

"Oh, Miss Vildy, darling Miss Vildy! are we both of us adopted, and are we truly going to live with you all the time and never have to go to the Home?" Whereupon, the boy flung his loving arms round Miss Vilda's neck in an ecstacy of gratitude; and in that sweet embrace of trust and confidence and joy, the stone was rolled away, once and forever, from the sepulchre of Miss Vilda's heart, and Easter morning broke there.

(To be Continued.)

APRIL FOOL.

BY PANSY.

Silly boys! Sillier on the first day of April than any other day of the whole year. Bent on having something that they called "fun!" On their way home from school, looking about them, right and left, for mischief, they spied Dick Wheeler's old black leather satchel.

"Hurrah!" said Aleck, the oldest and wildest of them; "here's fun! If here isn't Dick's satchel that he carries on his arm, as if it was full of gold dust. He must be gone into the market; let's pry it open and take out whatever is inside—doughnuts as likely as not—then we can fill up the sachel with something else, and April fool him."

"What can we put in?" the others said, gathering around.

"Onions," said one. "Sand," said another. "Molasses," said the brilliant boy who had the name of being the "cutest" fellow in school.

I hope you see how much his cuteness amounted to.

"It will run out," objected young Tommy Jones, who occasionally acted as though he had brains.

"What if it does! Be all the funnier to see it drip, dripping. I say, won't it be rich to stand here and see him dip his hand into it! He'll go to looking the first thing, for what was in his satchel, when he finds it is open."

By this time it was open. And it was rather stupid to find that there was nothing in it, after all, but long sheets of thick, stiff paper, closely written, some of them folded, and some of them not.

"Whatever are those?" Aleck said, looking puzzled. "What does little Dick do for a living, anyhow?"

Nobody knew. He was a new boy, who passed the school regularly at certain hours of every day, always with this satchel on his arm. The boys gave very little attention to the papers, except to each take one, to flourish around little Dick's ears when he should have dipped his astonished hand into the molasses.

Then two of them went across the street to the grocer's to get a quart of molasses, and borrowed a pitcher to put it in, telling the clerk that they forgot to bring one from home.

It wasn't true, to be sure, but then you know it was April fool day, and, for some strange reason, there are people who think it isn't wicked to lie—on that day.

Back came the boys with their molasses, and with much glee it was poured into the satchel.

The whole performance was carried out just as they planned. Unsuspecting Dick ran around a corner after his satchel, was astonished and alarmed to find it open, dived his hands in to see if the precious papers were safe, and drew them quickly forth again—molasses dripping from every finger—amid the wild shouts of the delighted scamps, who flourished the yellow looking papers about his ears, and danced, and yelled like a party of Indians, just in from camp. It was extremely funny, wasn't it? No wonder they were delighted and proud of their wit and wisdom when they could produce such great results as these.

But there are two sides to every story. This was the beginning of the "April fool." What a pity that the four boys should have been so busy yelling, that they had no eyes for a tall gentleman, just across the street from them, who stopped and looked at them very carefully for as much as a minute, then went backward a few steps, and talked with another tall man who wore a long coat with gilt buttons on it.

The two gentlemen crossed the street, and the one in blue coat and brass buttons laid his hand on Aleck Stone's arm before one of them saw him. Then they greeted him.

"Jolly!" said Aleck, turning quickly to see who had him by the sleeve. But he did not speak as though he thought it was very jolly.

"My land!" said Tommy Jones, as if that had anything to do with it. One of the others whistled "Yankee Doodle" very softly, and they all stood still and waited for what came next.

"What is going on here?" said the policeman, in that calm voice which is so terrible to hear at such a time as this. "Whose satchel is this, boys, and what have you been doing with it?"

"It is only Dick Wheeler's old satchel," Aleck explained, eagerly; "and we have only been having a little fun, because you see it is April-fool day."

"Yes, I see it is," the policeman said, still speaking in that quiet voice; "and I see some boys who have been April-fooled. This is not Dick Wheeler's old satchel at all. It happens to belong to Judge Markham. Now what is all this stuff on these papers? Molasses! I declare. Whew! You are deeper fooled than I thought. Well, Judge Markham, what will you have done with them?"

It is a pity that we haven't the pictures of the four boys as they stood with woebegone *faces* and sticky fingers, eying the judge.

"Well," he said, slowly, "it is a troublesome business. Those papers are spoiled, you see. So is the satchel, for that matter. They ought to go to jail for a while till they get a little common sense. But seeing they are only 'fools' according to their own account, we will have to let them off, I think, by paying the damage. That satchel is spoiled, but I won't be hard on you, boys. I'll throw that in; it cost me twelve dollars to get those papers copied and put in order, and that you will have to pay."

Twelve dollars! and they hadn't twelve cents to their names. April-fool boys are the kind who hardly ever have any money in their pockets.

Their fathers every one said that the boys must earn every cent of the money, and stuck to it; I am not sure they knew Judge Markham called on the fathers and advised that, and did not charge any fee for his advice, but such is the case.

The potatoes that were dropped, and the weeding that was done, and the water that was brought, and the cows that were driven to pasture, before each boy had three dollars to give to Judge Markham, would make your backs ache to think of, much more to do it all.

Finally, there came a day when the boys were going a-Maying; they did not live in that part of the world where it is as likely to snow on the first day of May as to do anything else; they lived where there was actually a chance to set up a May-pole and frolic around it, and have a good time; so the first day of May came to our four boys, and they were invited to the May party.

(To be Continued.)

THE EASTER GUEST.

I know Thou wert coming, O Lord divine;
I felt in the sunlight a softening shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod,
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward, I could not see,
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me,
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chamber to take Thee in.

Now let me come nearer, O Christ divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest.
While Thou art in me, and in Thee I abide,
What end can there be to the Easter-tide?

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

AFTER TEN YEARS.

A TRUE TALE.

"Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not."

Mary Blanchard and her husband were good people, as the world goes, but perfectly indifferent to religion, to the Bible, or any gospel influence. In this way they lived for several years after their marriage.

One summer her brother, an earnest Christian worker, made them a visit, finding them, to his surprise, without a Bible and with no interest in it. On his return he sent them a nice Bible. This, however, lay around the house unused nearly three years.

One day a neighbor who had run in for a morning call noticed it and remarked that she wished she had one like it, whereupon Mrs. Blanchard gave it to her, saying, "Take it, if you want it; you are welcome to it, for we have no earthly use for it."

The next summer the brother made them another visit, and on his inquiring for the Bible Mrs. Blanchard told him what she had done with it. On his return to Boston he sent them another, but not so expensive a one as the first. This too lay around the house unnoticed seven years.

During the winter of 1887 the wife of a near neighbor died, and in consequence of the cold and snow the funeral had to be postponed several days, and Mrs. Blanchard was sent for to sit up one night.

Lizzie Gray, her companion, a devoted Christian girl, had a Bible with her, and after reading a while in it at length she persuaded Mrs. Blanchard to kneel with her in prayer, and finally succeeded in getting her to try to pray for herself. On her return home the next morning the first object her eyes rested upon was her neglected Bible, whose silent reproach followed her all day long.

Unable longer to endure it she took the book and sat down to read. The first words her eyes fell upon were, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." At once her mind ran back over the long years since first her brother gave her a Bible; and falling upon her knees she cried out, "O God, if thou art indeed that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, instruct me from this Bible, that I may join that brother and thee in heaven."

Rising from her knees she sat down to the sacred volume. Day after day she read, the light gradually breaking in upon her troubled soul, until one day, while reading, she came to that verse, "I am come a light into the world that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness," when, falling upon her knees she cried out, "O Lord, I take thy Son as my light. Lead me forth from this darkness." Then the Sun of Righteousness shone in upon her soul, and she beheld the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

Now with eyes opened to the value of the book she had so long spurned, she sought to interest her husband in its pages, and soon had the pleasure of knowing that he too had joined her in her journey to the New Jerusalem. And together they daily read its pages and join in prayer for spiritual understanding—*Morning Star*.

ONE OF OUR MANY WORKERS.

A lady at Dacino, Wis. writes: Some years ago I took the *Northern Messenger* and I liked it very much indeed. My daughters were little girls then, now they are young ladies and they talk of the dear little *Messenger* quite often and wonder what it is like. I have often found the little Testament which you sent her some years ago under Bertha's pillow with many marks in it where she had been reading. Will you kindly send me a sample copy of the *Northern Messenger* I think I may be able to get up a club.

The sample copies have been forwarded and we will be very pleased to receive the club. Any of the friends of the *Messenger* will be supplied with sample copies free on application. Our friends can largely increase the circulation by recommending it, and they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are circulating good wholesome reading matter.

THE MESSENGER'S MERITS.

A Girl Wins the Pen and Ink Tournament.

The Ten Dollar Poem in Full, with Selections from other good ones.

We print herewith the poem winning the ten dollar prize offered some time ago by the publishers of this paper. A good number of poems were received from boys and girls under sixteen years of age, describing, as stipulated, the merits of the *Messenger* in thirty lines. Miss Thorburn's was found to be the best and we have sent her word to that effect. As stated in the announcement, the winner can choose for her prize either a ten dollar bill or 50 copies of the *Messenger* for a year. From the other poems several selections have been made, which we print below the prize poem.

THE WINNING POEM, BY MISS EDINA THORBURN, BROADVIEW, N. W. T.

A year ago last Christmas,
My sister sent to me
A subscription to the *Messenger*,
Till Eighteen Ninety-three.

I never had a present
That pleased me quite as well,
For there is scarcely anything,
Of which it does not tell.

Of mission field; of brave good men
And women of our day:
Of housekeeping, of fancy work,
And even children's play.

My father likes to read it,
My mother and the boys,
And to hear its pleasant stories
The wee ones leave their toys.

So when last Christmas Day drew near,
My sister said to me
"What shall I give you, Rosie dear?"
I answered instantly,

"If you would get the *Messenger*
Again, I'd be so glad,
It was the most delightful gift
That I have ever had."

My paper I call thee,
Thou Northern Light,
So full of instruction,
So wondrously bright,

I love to peruse thee,
Thy merits I'll sing;
That other subscriptions,
To thee I may bring.

BESSIE G. MILLER,
Mt. Handley, N. S.

One day when tired of study,
I walked along the street;
And calling at the office,
I found my fortnight's treat.

Upon its pages reading,
I saw its truths, among
Instructions for the wise ones,
And counsel for the young.

Just send and take the *Messenger*,
'Tis only thirty cents,
And what you spend in money
I'm sure you'll gain in sense.

MYRTLE FULLERTON.
Point de Bute, N. B.

It tells you how to boil and bake,
To make a pudding or wedding cake
It tells you how to be good and true,
To live each day as you ought to do.

CORA HANINGTON.
Rose Creek, Calgary, N. W. T.

It is a Temp'rance paper too,—
"Now friend, your lips may curl:
But Temp'rance papers are my choice,
For I'm a Temp'rance girl."

So if you want to find out more,
Do this, my reader dear,
Send thirty cents to Montreal,
And get it for a year.

MAUD M. GOODWIN.
Clinton, Ont.

The *Messenger* is a paper,
Published by John Dougall & Son
To make the children happy,
And fill them full of fun.

J. B. PARHAM.
Eastmans Springs, Ont.

And now for this competition
Other poetry will shine,
But I do here petition
That they'll not all beat mine.

J. EDWIN W. THOMPSON.
Greenwood, Pembroke, Ont.

The merits of the *Northern Messenger*
And but twenty-four lines allowed!
In order to get them all into that space,
I will surely have to crowd.

MIA F. FARQUHARSON.
Fletcher, Ont.

"Where do you get your paper, pet?
Now tell me all about it, May,"
"My lovely *Messenger*," she said,
"In school, I get each Sabbath day."

LIZZIE I. NICOL.
Campbellford, Ont.

The *Messenger* is, as all of you know,
A paper for young and old people too.
Its merits are good, on which all may rely,
And to get more subscribers let every one try.

'Tis worth twice the money that for it is paid,
And nothing against it has ever been said,
I'd pay twice the money that paper to buy,
And to get more subscribers let every one try.

DAVID GEDEON PHILLIPS.
North East Branch, Margaree, Cape Breton.

Helps for Sunday-School and teacher,
Helps for young and old;
Of the worth of this good paper
The half has not been told.

AGGIE WATT.
Anamosa, Iowa.

Boys will never hurt a cur
Who read the *Northern Messenger*.

NELLIE OREM.
Braeside, Ont.

THE NAMES OF THE COMPETITORS.

Poems were received from the following:—Frank Conlin, C. Page, Edina Thorburn, Mabel A Banning, Mary Brown, Bessie G. Miller, David A. Brown, Meta McConnell, Ethel M. Potter, David G. Phillips, Myrtle Fullerton, Edith Barkley, Cora Hanington, Belle Thexton, Maude M. Goodwin, Blanche Shepherd, Mary A. O'Neill, John B. Parkham, Katie MacLennan, Minnie E. Givins, J. Edwin W. Thompson, Mia F. Farquharson, Pansy E. Young, Lizzie I. Nicol, Aggie Watt, Mary E. Shaw, Alma Yonge, Robert M. Millman, Nellie Orem, Sarah J. Clark, Maggie Cassidy, Alice R. Wood, Susie F. Vanderpyle, Violet Giles, Katie Anderson, Mary MacIsaac, Lloyd P. Bauslaugh, Mary E. Manley, Charles E. Storms, Harry A. Parkin, Benj. Stanley Ross, Susan Maude Tisdall, Edwin W. Lewis, Jessie Allan, John McPhee, and Belle S. Sutherland.

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Publishers, Montreal.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

The High Speed Family Knitter

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory. Coarse or fine yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,
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ADVERTISEMENTS.

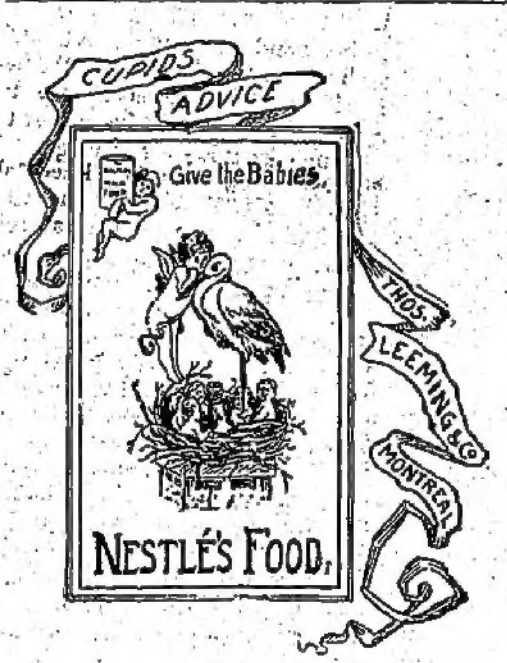
How Clara Helped her Mother and Saved Baby.

Clara ———, a bright, happy and winsome girl of twelve years, lives in the city of Toronto. Clara attends school regularly, and has made considerable progress in her studies owing to her diligence and perseverance. In the home, she is mother's helper; and, in a quiet way, she assists in making life pleasant for her father, mother, three little brothers and a baby sister of eight months.

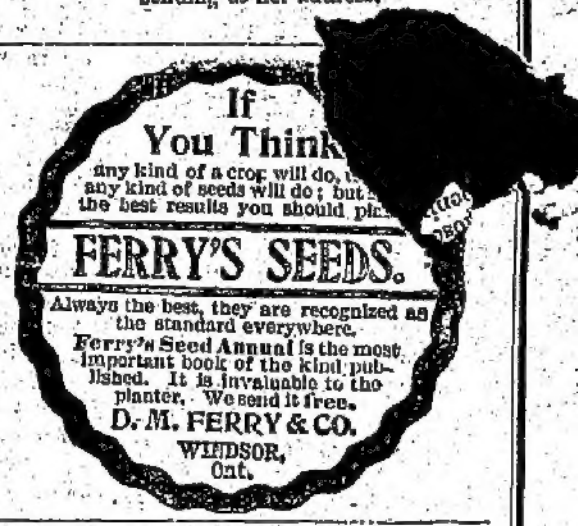
A few weeks ago, this baby sister was very ill; the doctor attended it from day to day, but the little one remained weak and puny. Clara, whose perceptive faculties were very keen, said to her mother one day: "Mamma, I feel sure that baby can be made well by using that Lactated Food, about which so many people speak. You remember what doctor said about sister having indigestion, do you not? well, that reminds me of what I was told in school some months ago by Susie ———; she said, that her aunt's baby was made well and strong after it was fed on Lactated Food. Do, dear mamma, try this food; I think it will do baby so much good!"

The kind and anxious mother did consent to try the Lactated Food; its use for a few days proved it a success. Father, mother and gentle Clara were delighted with the wonderful results; and, in a month's time, baby was bright and healthy looking, and the dear mother was enabled to cast off all anxiety and fear.

In this way Clara truly helped her mother, and saved her baby sister. There are to-day in Canada, thousands of girls who know what Lactated Food can do, having seen its good effects in the home. These girls can in a quiet way, recommend Lactated Food to mothers who have not tried it.



We will send half a pound of Nestlé's Food and our dainty new book "*The Baby*" to any mother sending us her address.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